A Semi-Monthly SUMMARY of World-Wide Motion Picture NEWS

# THE CANADIAN MOTION PICTURE EXHIBITOR

Official Organ of the INDEPENDENT THEATRES ASSOCIATION

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# Taylor Group-Famous in Pact

## REACH UNIQUE STATUS BY NEW ARRANGEMENT

## Taylor, in Exclusive Interview, Tells of New Setup and Plans

Definitely spiking repeated rumors of an association of N. A. Taylor and his affiliates with N. L. Nathanson was the announcement today by Mr. Taylor of his plans for the future. Mr. Taylor denied the stories, printed and otherwise, that he would join N. L. Nathanson, Paul Nathanson, Odeon Theatres of Canada, Ltd., or General Theatres Corporation, Ltd.

Commencing July 1st, it was stated, Mr. Taylor will take over the operation of a number of theatres formerly operated by Famous Players and their associated companies. Full details of the transaction have not yet been made available. He said definitely that there has been no sale or merger with Famous Players by himself, his associates or any of the 20th Century Theatres group. The deal is one from which all interested parties, independent theatres which are now booked by Taylor's association, as well as the public will derive benefits.

"I have always been a strong advocate of individualism and independence in this business," said Mr. Taylor in an exclusive interview with this paper. "However, with circumstances as they are today, my partners and affiliates

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## 20th C T Preens For Chatham Bow

Chatham will have its finest motion picture theatre late this month. Twentieth Century Theatres, a fast-expanding outfit which recently opened Toronto's Midtown, are the owners. The Midtown is considered by many to be the Queen City's finest house. The Chatham venture, known as the Centre, has been in work for five months and will stand its company more than $70,000, M. L. Axler reports.

Harland Rankin, who handles the Plaza in Tilbury, will be the resident manager. Rankin has long been recognized as one of the most competent and progressive theatre men in the province.

The Centre stands on a corner of the town's main street and will command attention a long way off. It will sport a huge vertical sign and the interchangeable marquee will swing right around the corner. The front is being prepared of stainless steel, black Vitrolite and blue opalescent glass.

Kaplan and Sprachman of Toronto are the architects but most of the work is being done by local tradesmen.

The seating capacity will be 700, of which 200 will be loges that are equipped for smoking. The T. Eaton Co. are supplying carpets and furniture and the Globe Furniture Co. the seats. Brenkhart projectors and lamps are being put in by the Coleman Electric. Others aiding in equipping the house are Dominion Sound, and Air Conditioning Engineering Co.

Policy will be double bills and occasional first runs. Due to the current shortage of manpower, usherettes, in smart semi-military uniforms, will be used.

The official opening is set for June 26. It will be along gala lines, with local and district dignitaries on hand.

### One for the Bookers

At the recent Atlantic City convention of the Variety Clubs of America the studios helped the hooray. They paraded floats and flashed stars. MGM brought along a real life version of Leo the Lion. All day the nobs were camera'd with it. Then the hob-nobs got a chance.

By that time Leo's boredom changed to annoyance. An upstate exhibitor was sharing a shot with him when the lion growled meaningly.

"I'd better get out of here," kidded the exhibitor. "Being a Metro lion he'll probably take a 40 per cent bite out of me!"

Harold V. Cohen, crack screen scribe of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, was present and caught the crack.

(That's so Gary Cass and the Regal bunch won't think it originated here!)

## *WHO'S RIGHT?*

Sad is the song of the summer breeze as it sings through Dundas Square.

The melancholy days are here, the saddest of the film year. Right on schedule. And not by themselves, either. They brought their pals, the tax blues, with them. Yes sir, the summer slump is here.

Slump? The added ills have made it a landslide. Business has jack-and-jilled so far downhill that search parties, in the form of exhibitor emergency sessions, are looking for it.

The lamentations about the state of the game are heard here, as in all the land. They make the wail of the Banshee sound like a song of love—or a whisper in the mid-day din. The gloom is so thick you could carve the letters T-A-X on it with an axe.

The exhibitor now dreams of the good old days when a dish or a book would bribe people to come inside. He's forgotten that for years the box-office has been relying on artificial stimulation. It's so full of hypo needle holes that it looks like a screen.

The people who sold it temporary tonics have grown into an accepted wing of the industry. It's a good thing they were handy with their nostrums. But who can remember way back when we sold

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## Tax Whacks Totals As Exhibs Confer

The tax still leads the currently large number of box-office enemies in knocking down grosses. G. J. Tustin, M.P., member for Prince Edward-Lennox, criticized the law recently, pointing out that the small-town theatre was particularly hard-hit, receipts having declined by 50 per cent. The small independents are suffering badly. One closed in Toronto last week and there is talk of others.

The fall-off in intake, added to surface and hidden taxes, has the business gasping. Studios and theatres are searching for ways of keeping things steady. Warners and Metro are arranging new selling plans for Canada and Universal is realigning executives.

Because of sparse totals several studios have withdrawn big pictures from circulation until the public shows a greater inclination to spend money for movies. Also production on quite a number of uncompleted features is being held back. It hardly seems good policy to feed an undernourished thing ordinary fare when hearty meals are handy. But there it is.

Other reasons, besides the tax, blamed for the decline, are:

Tired defence workers.
Night shifts.
Hot weather.
Night baseball.
Preoccupation with the war.
Momentous political speeches during movie hours.

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### Manitoba's Thorson Heads New Board

Premier King has announced the appointment of Joseph Thorson, Liberal member for Selkirk, Manitoba, as Minister of National War Services.

The National Film Board, along with the CBC and the National Travel Bureau, has been transferred to the National War Services Department.

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# Taylor Group and Famous Players

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have convinced me that, for our future welfare, and that of the fellow-exhibitors whom I represent, the new set-up will prove of the utmost importance."

"It will now enable us to create more harmony and a better understanding in the business. Better inter-industry relationships and a greater measure of service to the public should result.

"This I wish to state most emphatically. We have not sold any part of Exhibitors' Booking Association to Famous Players and it will continue to be controlled one hundred per cent by my associate, Mr. Auerbach, and myself. Nor have we sold any of our 20th Century Theatres group to Famous Players. Both these organizations will continue to be operated as in the past.

"We are simply going to take over the operation of a number of theatres formerly operated by Famous Players and subsidiaries. We will book and manage these theatres in the same manner as we do at present with other theatres.

"It is my honest belief," Mr. Taylor concluded, "that the attitude of Famous Players towards smaller independent competitors will shape itself in a more liberal manner in the future. As a result independent theatres will be able to obtain benefits for which our independent theatres association has long strived."

# *The Old Order Changeth*

**The news of Nat Taylor's appointment to manage and book a group of theatres formerly operated by Famous Players and their associated companies will set the trade to talking, weighing and measuring. There will be many theories by those who don't know the facts or don't care for them.**

**The move is not a merger. There is no domination. The question of local autonomy doesn't even enter into it. The popular conceptions that follow every new agreement — hidden rulership or outside control — are nowhere here.**

**The position of the independents can be summed up in one word—representation. Their union was based on the need of joint action for a better defense against more powerful groups. This move is the logical result of that course. The Independents have a stronger say than ever. They will share whatever benefits result from that representation.**

**Taylor, for years a leader of the independents, is still that. It was his business to know both camps. Few knew their relative positions better. There could be no other choice for the job. He was chosen, after many conferences, to carry out the wishes of his group.**

**The question of American control of Canada's great and growing motion picture industry has been injected recently by groups mutually opposed. No matter what the degree, such a condition is not confined to the movie business. But here is something of an answer to the charge. Canadian exhibitors will have a strong say in everything which affects them as businessmen and citizens.**

**Now that a better understanding has come about, there will be a new attitude on both sides. The business has long known bickering, back-biting and occasional bitter differences. This isn't to say that they will vanish. But there will definitely be less of that sort of thing.**

**The news reflects the changing times. In the face of national retrenchment for the vital task of victory, new values and more relaxed relations between competing outfits have arisen everywhere. It is inconceivable that such a great industry as ours should remain outside that progressive spirit.**

**Perhaps this marks the beginning of a new order in the Canadian motion picture industry.**

## TIPS ON EXPLOITATION

In a small American city a photo finishing service has a pass arrangement with one of the houses, even paying the service charge when a roll of film is left for finishing or a purchase made.

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MGM had a costume carnival touring the country for "Ziegeld Girl." The picture ought to yield fashion and pretty girl tie-ups.

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For Scattergood Baines pictures they've devised a country-store front for the theatre and a rural rig to run through the town.

* * *

Manager Bill Clarke of the Centre Theatre, Pembroke, played "Hitler, the Beast of Berlin" and arranged a Victory Loan parade as a tie-up. Scouts and girl guides, along with other local organizations were in the march. Every night speakers took the theatre stage to push the loan. Nice, timely handling.

Columbia's second in its International Forum series should, with a little help, excite people and groups. It's called "Will England Be Invaded?"

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RKO is reissuing Frank Buck's "Bring 'Em Back Alive." A first-rate press campaign goes with it. Some ideas for individual exploitation are a jungle box-office, jungle window settings, tieups with sports goods houses and package inserts.

Simplest stunt is street ballyhoo man dressed in pith helmet, shorts, etc., bearing sign with superlatives, name of picture and theatre. Ought to attract the envious eye of overwarm folks.

Exploitation can backfire. A frisco house with a horror bill put out a picket with the sign, "Man-Made Horror Unfair to Union Monsters." The local labor council said that if the stunt wasn't killed right away a real picket would be placed.

# Tax Whacks Totals As Exhibs Confer

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Killing curiosity by giving away the story and details in the press.

Poorness and sameness of product.

The draft, which keeps the boys in camp and their sweethearts at home.

Savings campaigns.

People spending their money to stock up on home needs.

Depressing newsreels.

No individual house showmanship or exploitation.

Some suggestions being made or in effect to help the situation are:

Twenty-five per cent exploitation boost per picture by Warners and a man to prop up lagging territory.

New stars and faces.

Add exhibitor representatives to studio executive boards to aid in the prevention of lulls and not just the cure, as heretofore.

Regular tours of motion picture celebrities to stimulate personal interest.

Managerial conferences of men from the same and rival organizations to thresh matters out.

Back up weak film bills with live entertainment.

Re-arrange time schedule to suit shifts and reduce bill to single feature for tired defence workers.

However, theatre men have faith that the government will rectify the impossible situation when it's fully demonstrated that, because of other anathemas, the business can't bear the present impost.

## *Lamour, Toujour, Lamour*

Gertrude Lawrence, the actress, was a guest at a party and noticed a smartly-tailored young lady surrounded by admirers.

"Who," she asked Richard Aldrich, the producer, "is that pretty and popular girl?"

"That's Dorothy Lamour," was the reply. "You've seen her in the movies many times."

"No wonder I didn't recognize her," said Miss Lawrence. "After all, this is the first time I've seen her with her hair up and her skirt down!"

Well, that Lamour wench can can unwind a ticket roll faster than most film frails. Take a number from 1 to 10—and it's probably Dorothy's position among the top few box-office belles.

Maybe that's what the business needs—just a sarong at twilight. Or the odd shock to the Hays Office.

# Who's Right and What's Wrong?

(Continued from Page 1)

entertainment only and the public could tell a theatre from a bingo parlor?

Even the critics and columnists of the daily press are seeking the solution. Most of them agree that the trouble is at the source, Hollywood. If the stuff that came out of the maternity ward of motion pictures had public appeal, they say, the people would still be pushing past the ushers. The exhibitor might even be himself, not a dealer in sundries.

Roly Young of the Toronto Globe and Mail had something to say the other day. He's the cinema sage of some 150,000 readers, plus over - the - shoulder hitch - hikers. Roly says it's the sameness of the product in story ideas and locales that's kicking us around. Also the exhibitor's lack of resourcefulness in the face of such box-office enemies as Roosevelt's speeches and the like. The theatre should share the general activities of the community, encouraging town activities that need an auditorium. Stay folksy, he says.

Bosley Crowther, in the New York Times, takes the same attitude about the nature of current movies. Pictures should change with the times. There's so much real drama that the public can't go for the dreamed-up sticky stuff any more. There's no longer escape in it.

That's why, continues Crowther, pictures like "Buck Privates" or "The Lady Eve" or "The Road to Zanzibar" do so well. They don't pretend to be true to life. Pictures that do aren't. Hollywood won't change the molds and "a slump is the fatal consequence."

But they're comedies. Drama is also important. What new forms the emotional tingle-tangles ought to take he fails to state. And he leaves himself an out. "Or could it simply be," he asks, "that the run of pictures these past few months has been uncommonly weak?"

Don't ask us, Bosley, old boy—tell us. You're the critic and that's your job. On one hand you say that the old ideas are passe. On the other you suggest that they're all right but being done badly.

Then there's Lee Mortimer of the New York Mirror. The present product, we assume from his attitude, suits him. The general public "goes to the films only for light entertainment, beauty, glamor and a few hours release from daily cares and nothing more." In that he disagrees with Crowther, who writes that "we have a sneaking suspicion that grim realities have rather turned the average mind against romantic make-believe."

Well, fight it out, boys, and let's hear how you make out.

# On the Square

By HYE BOSSIN

A man you meet around our way all the time is Ben Brown, Dundas Square's popular architect. Ben's contribution to the Square is the Hermant Building.

Lucky fellow. Music is fugitive and motion pictures pass from the public mind like a flight of fancy. Woe is him whose fame is writ on celluloid.

But Ben can grab a gob of confidence each morn by looking at the skyline and picking out his baby. Maybe he just looks up once in a while and mutters to himself, like Aladdin when he rubbed the lamp and the Genie shot up to the sky: "Mygawd, did I do that!"

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**Eary note: "He must be a big executive or a billposter. He's always got passes to give away."**

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Exhib previews turn up strange screenfellows. The other night they double-billed Warners "Shining Victory" and MGM's "Love Crazy." Both are about people with pains in the brains. One is serious, the other a romp. For almost three hours the place was filled by the biggest nut harvest in years. To make it more something-or-other. Sig Rumann plays a heely psychiatrist in both pictures. What a crackpotpourri! Even the audience members were beginning to look at each other suspiciously.

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**Jabs, jibes, togs and takes: Hard by the belt is Ted Lipson's clothes closet. It's usually loaded with flicker folk and hook hucksters. Dave Castilloux, Canadian light champ, hangs out there when in town. . . . Popular passerby is Filmart's Jack Johnstone, alias Scotty. Always ready with the time o' day, views on the business and the odd favor. Jack just stepped into the exhibitor's ranks, having acquired a Vancouver house.**

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There's a story around about the new stamp Italy issued to commemorate the Axis. It showed the faces of Hitler and Mussolini. The stamp was withdrawn because the Italian people were spitting on the wrong side!

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**The German people think Hitler is a magician. The difference is that a magician gets his rabbits from a hat. Hitler gets his habits from a rat.**

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**Busiest fellow in the film belt is Legalite Joe Rosenfeld. He won't bail you—but he'll bond you. He's one of the armband boys in the Victory Loan drive . . . Hily Yuden grabbed off a Motion Picture Herald citation for exploitation. Getting to be a habit. He got one last year too . . . The Uptown's Fred Trebilcock is a fervid physiculturist and can be found at any five o'clock in Art McColl's gym teasing those old muscles.**

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Sign on a church: "Four things come not back—the spoken word, the spent arrow, the passed life and the neglected opportunity."

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**Dewey Bloom, Regal's ace of space, did a record job of handling Norma Shearer's Montreal visit. The star's natural popularity, her return to the native heath and the Victory Loan drive gave the task a natural impetus. But the tremendous possibilities made masterful organization and handling necessary. Dewey's accomplishment is the talk of the trade.**

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In lowered tones: Morgan Eastman, Victory Loan Ad Committee—Thanks for your thanks . . . Karr of the Star: A sweep of my sombrero to you, sir. The death of Daley's bird was devastating. In the face of our common sorrow, let us be brave.

* * * * *

The saddest words to eye or ear:
"An ad? Wait till fall gets here."

* * * * *

Smartest office boy in the business must be that Hollywood kid with a real idea. He gets $18 per week. Each week he raffles off his pay cheque. Last week he got back $65 for it!

# My Man Mischa Has Been Around

There's method in madness, a phrasemaker once said. Money too. Ask Mischa Auer.

The suave gent with the dour kisser has sad memories of his serious days. Not until he scuttled dignity did he draw any kind of currency. His frantic antics led to hearty laughs and golden clinks. That's music to Mischa—a musician from way back.

That lean and hungry look is a hangover from the days of his artistic ambitions. The apish Mr. Auer started out to prod the soul of the world with his well-trained fiddlestick. Grandpa Leopold Auer, one of history's top violinists, sent him on his unconquering way.

He was born in pre-revolutionary St. Petersburg with an unpronounceable Russian name. Mischa was twelve years old when the imperial eagles were grounded and he scrammed through the Balkans into Italy. From there his grandpa Auer took him to New York and also lent his name and fame. And a fiddle.

But as Mischa grew, so did his appetite. The darned thing required periodic appeasement. Besides, his natural inclinations were for creating comedy. His impetuous takeoffs of frayed noblemen and phoney artistes got him a sizeable private following. All he got out of his efforts were laughs.

He had shelved the fiddle and become an actor—not a comedian. But his flair for the comic won out and got him into pictures. He was just going along nicely until that series of chimp didoes in "My Man Godfrey." That did it for him. It's still what most people remember best about the picture.

Mischa is resigned to comic capering as a way of life. He had thought acting would keep him in serious fields. But most people figured him slightly mad anyway. After all, a person who wants to act or fiddle his way through life rarely gets more than a queer look from others—until his art brings in heaps of currency and clippings. It's tough on the tyros who get left in the union rooms.

Sometimes success has a strange taste. Though his madness is just a commodity, it worries him occasionally. He wonders what a certain group of people whom he has never met think of him.

According to an American paper, Mischa is married to a Toronto girl. That's all it told about his wife. But Mischa said: "I've never met my in-laws. They must think I'm nuts."

Listen to that, will you? Here's a man who actually cares what his in-laws think of him!

# DIGEST of REVIEWS

## MGM

**LOVE CRAZY:**

The old Powell-Myrna double play, with beak-nosed Bill and the limpid Loy staging a low comedy rampage. Bill's bashed hat, usual now in all their pictures, is a symbol of the duo's brand of jinx and ought to replace Leo the Lion in the intro shots. As is always the case with them, they talk gaily around everything and get into all sorts of involvements. This time a quirk in their fourth anniversary celebration knocks everything out of line. A bitter sweet mother-in-law doesn't help any. Jealousy enters via Gail Patrick, causing a cleft, and Bill gets himself jugged in a booby-hatch to help keep Myrna. **It ain't as riotous as some of their previous capers but will command its quota of the faithful. And is still funny enough for anybody else's money too.**

**I'LL WAIT FOR YOU:**

Remake of Bob Montgomery's 1934 stint for the same studio, "Hideaway." Remember? All about the regeneration of a hoodlum on the lam in the cow and chicken country. The farmer's daughter, Marsha Hunt, does the trick. Robert Sterling wears Montgomery's old suit and Fay Holden and Henry Travers are a pair of nice old folks. Paul Kelly, as a slick and sure cop, does well. **Most of the faces being new, it lacks pull-in names and will have to be teamed. But it's worth it.**

**THE GOOSE GOES SOUTH:**

This **fairly-funny cartoon** has a meek-and-mild version of Donald, the duck that laid the 14-karat spheroid for Disney. A series of snappy gags with Kentucky cunnels, Esquire hicks, cotton pickers and other goony Americana. **Okay stuff.**

## PARAMOUNT

**ONE NIGHT IN LISBON**

A story about love at first slight that's **full of laughs** of every variety from titters to outright roars. **A first-rate romantic comedy.** Madeleine Carroll is the English girl who's overwhelmed by Texas Fred MacMurray, commuter of bombers, glib and devil-may-care fellow. **Fresh** in several ways, the locale being blitzed London. **Has patriotic appeal,** there being a rendition of "There'll Always Be An England" and a subtle sequence on British-American mutual devotion. **Cast is full of names**—John Loder, Patricia Morison, Billie Burke, Edmund Gwen, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Denny and Billy Gilbert.

## COLUMBIA

**ADVENTURE IN WASHINGTON:**

This studio sure has the hang of those Washington topics. **This one holds you all the way, has a novel background and is loaded with swell sentiment and smart flag-waving.** Beauteous Virginia Bruce and crisp Herbert Marshall are the name draws but the picture belongs to boy star Gene Reynolds. About page boys who serve senators, it's a new way of presenting the old school spirit idea. Young Reynolds is a bad boy reformed by it. **Excellently played by all and will do well anywhere.**

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## Exhibitor Meets Thumb Down Doubles

After several years of anti-double-feature agitation, the matter seems to be coming to a head. At the MPTOA convention definite opposition was made known by a majority of the delegates. At the same time the Pacific Coast independent exhibitors, also meeting in Hollywood, declared themselves against dual bills.

The Pacific Coast group pledged their support to producers who stood with them, such as Goldwyn, Selznick, Warner and Wanger.

"Your action,' the message read, "sponsoring the elimination of double bills highly commended."

Canadian opinion is still to be thoroughly studied before its direction can be judged.

## WARNERS

**SHINING VICTORY**

A clinical study of the off-base world, the locale being an asylum in Scotland. Full of dark forboding, chill thrills and deep drama. Yet never get eerie. **Humorless but relieved somewhat by contrast of characters and sincerity of portrayals.** It even has an unhappy ending. Completely masculine part of the way but there's soon love in the lab. James Stephenson is the plugger for science and Geraldine Fitzgerald his sweetheart-assistant who dies in the asylum fire to save his notes. Donald Crisp, Sig Rumann and Barbara O'Neil help make it a distinguished piece of work. **Should do all right in the knitted-brow neighborhoods but needs special selling anywhere else.**

**OUT OF THE FOG**

Supported by a strong cast, John Garfield returns to the role he does best, that of a hard young hoodlum. A **deeply human** picture, with a **simple but good story.** Occasionally **dramatic** and has **some first-rate comedy.** About the protection racket and its effect on ordinary people. Others in it are Ida Lupino, Thomas Mitchell, Eddie Albert, John Qualen, Aline MacMahon and George Tobias.

## UNIVERSAL

**TOO MANY BLONDES**

A very ordinary little effort which maintains a minimum of interest. Has no sparkle, though it has music, and Eddie Quillan, Lon Chaney, Jr., and Shemp Howard create the too-rare laughs. Rudy Vallee had his face overhauled for this one but it didn't do him or the picture any good. Helen Parrish is the girl.

**IN THE NAVY**

This looks as though Universal decided to cash in on the Abbot and Costello success in Buck Privates but quick! It's the same old team with the same old routines, the same old gags—and, we predict, **the same old box-office returns** and they ought to make everybody happy.

**TIGHT SHOES:**

**A boisterous comedy** about rackets, strongarm gents & love among the hoodlums. It follows the Runyon technique of spinning a twisty tale from the most simple beginning—in this case a tight pair of shoes and how they affected the lives of various people. Interesting to the ear is the way the mugs speak in quaintly-stilted tones, a la Runyon's writings. Broderick Crawford, as a love-sick mobster, and Binnie Barnes, as his strip-teasing sweetie, are good. John Howard, Anne Gwynne, and Leo Carrillo are there. **Fast nearly all the way, furious the rest, and full of laughs.**

## UNITED ARTISTS

**MAJOR BARBARA**

Outstanding comedy drama **for class patronage.** The direction is brilliant, the Shaw wit needs no comment and Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison and Robert Morley head a highly competent cast. This fills a crying need for the classes but **will take promotion to bring in the masses.**

**BROADWAY LIMITED:**

Mistaken identity plot, a baby being the character that causes the confusion. Hal Roach dug up some new- and old-timers for this one. **Top-heavy with comedians but not as funny as it should be.** Leonid Kinsky, a cross between Auer and Ratoff, plays a Hollywood ham. Marjorie Ellsworth, now being boomed by the studio, looks enough like Harlow to startle everyone. Doing duty are Patsy Kelly, Dennis O'Keefe, Vic McLaglin, Zasu Pitts and George E. Stone. **All right on the opening end of the daily double. The assortment of names may make it well worth while.**

## R. K. O.

**SCATTERGOOD PULLS THE STRINGS:**

Second of the homey series from C. B. Kelland's stories in the Saturday Evening Post. The title gives you the idea. Guy Kibbee plays the kindly old meddler who saves Monte Blue from a false murder rap. Young Bobs Watson, best of the juvenile tear-jerkers, is the faithful son. Christy Cabanne directed and Jerrold T. Brown, who travelled through Canada recently checking the circuit, produced. **A nice picture. One thing about this type of continued stuff is that the public is rarely disappointed.** The people know just what they're going to get—friendly, restful human interest stuff punched up with one big problem per picture. That's why they keep coming back. No oversold sagas—and no letdowns.

# Pugilistless Efforts Out

The boys who fling fast fists at each other on the screen often land and knock the other guy kicking. Though the blow is aimed to just pass the chin, it doesn't always miss the target. Stars have occasionally taken out insurance when a number of fights were in prospect.

Movie battles, of course, require a special technique. The real thing looks like a phoney, is poor staging and unphotographical. In a real fight would be a blur. Their together and that, like real wrestling, has no theatrical qualities. Besides, the fists and arms of a real fight would be a blur. They're true timing is slower than the camera.

Just the same the odd hook spoils somebody's makeup—to put it mildly. To overcome camera limitations the boys substitute power for speed. Only last week husky Nat Pendleton knocked in all the front teeth of Ralfe Harolde when he overshot a punch in "Big House Blues."

## Film Loop Lads Stage Tumult

We went to Trinity Park in the middle of the night (10 a.m. Sunday morn) to catch one of those Film Exchange League sessions of life, love and the pursuit of horsehide.

Morrie Rittenberg's Independent Spitfires tangled with Ben Ulster's Broadway Aces. Tangled? They fumbled, jumbled and tumbled. By dint of clever ducking the casualties were held down to three.

There were more hits, errors and laughs than a Chinaman has cousins. The Ulster outfit looked good until the fourth inning, when pitcher Shookie Greenbaum got hurt and was pulled out. Caught with their stance down from then on, the Aces got whacked around for fair. Even then there was plenty of umpire enmity and vocal acrobatics.

The Spitfires outplayed and outweighed the Aces. On the winning team were such paunch-drunk players as McCarthy Rittenberg, Jack Stashin, Gil Sterling and Dawson, Sr. That corpulent crew blocks a lot of space on the diamond, covers the rest and throws its weight around at bat.

A couple of times the game was almost called from exhaustion. The scorekeeper had to have his fingers rubbed down regularly.

The score? We quit counting when it got to 28-40.

# *Picture Pickups*

By TAP KEYES

**Muscular Vic McLaglen dropped a decision to Jack Johnson at Vancouver on March 10, 1909. What do they do—wheel him on the set? That's a long time ago... Universal, they say, will build up Maria Montez as "The Mmmm Girl." Hmmm. Who remembers when Ann Sheridan was weighed down with "The Oomph Girl"? It turned to Humph. When will they stop naming the flamethrowers after glad cries? Nobody can tell me what to utter involuntarily when a kissworthy miss flashes onscreen.**

* * * * *

The studios have just paid over $2,000,000 for 24 Broadway productions. (I had to whisper that figure. So much money frightens me.) . . . Serials are a big business. Twelve parts take four hours to screen—a "Gone With the Wind" proposition . . . Donald Meek will sport a beard in MGM's "Barnacle Bill." The last time Meek flaunted the facial spinach was in "The Captain Hates the Sea." He was a scream.

* * * * *

**It's said that the ASCAP-BMI tiff will end in a merger. Well, well, so Jeannie's gonna marry My Man . . . Winchell recently wrote about a girl so dumb she thought ASCAP was a new kind of girdle! . . . Mickey Rooney has just published his sixth song. What's that kid want—all the money in the world? . . . Judy Garland will sing "God Bless America" in the next Hardy feature. Which reminds of what the fellow said while reading the European headlines: "Thank God my old man didn't miss the boat!"**

# Your Bond is Your Word

**Here there is still the quiet sabbath, broken only by that incomparable music, the laughter of little children. Here the regular beat of daily living has not been broken. Quickened, that's all. The noise of a distant plane is still a lulling purr, not the sudden sweep of a slaughterer. Nor is death a sure and silent partner of the pilot.**

**But there are places this very minute where life is as vivid as the noonday sun and as grim as a pool of blood.**

**There is Britain. There is Cyprus. There was Dunkirk and Crete. In many places, under strange suns, men guard the high-roads of democracy—and stand where others have fallen.**

**A grotesque gallery of tin gods, led by a horror in human form, would throw centuries of social gain on the scrap-heap of history. His legions are marching on the double. The noise of them reaches all ends of the earth—the bludgeon and the jackboot beating time to Hitler's madness on the bodies of the innocents of many lands.**

**Dark forces have set man against man by reviving ancient hatreds and libels. They repudiate democracy, scorn mankind, mock civilization. They must be stopped. We must help those who are trying.**

**Democracy is the torch of mankind. And none on the home front have worked harder to keep it lit than the people of Canada's motion picture industry. We have pitched in publicly, privately and personally. We have worked in groups and individually. Men have gone forward from all branches of the art to bear arms for the cause.**

**The fight isn't half over. Soon it will be our turn. We must get ready for the return match on their home grounds. Men need the things of war and the tools to make them. But first men need the money to pay for them. That's the why of Victory Bonds.**

**What's idle money? You can't take it with you—and you won't be able to do anything with it if Hitler and his hordes aren't stopped. Who wants to be the richest corpse in the pile?**

**If it's spendable, its lendable.**

**The outposts of Canada are the battlefields of democracy, no matter in what far lands. On them men are fighting for the greatest stake in history—freedom. Tell them that you're with them all the way.**

**Your bond is your word.**

# 'Thanks, Laura,' Said Shearer

Now that Norma Shearer has returned to her native Canada to help the Victory Loan campaign, there is a story about her that should be told.

Some time ago a Toronto group was staging a show in connection with one of the drives. Various Canadian and American stars had promised to apear. It was learned that Miss Shearer would be in New York on a certain day. A member of the committee got on a train and tracked Norma down.

She explained that only the most urgent business had caused her to fly to New York for the shortest visit possible. Disappointed at not bringing home a rich prize, the committeeman explained the matter haphazardly. Truth to tell, somewhat unfairly.

The impression got around that the gracious and well-loved Canadian star had refused point-blank to help the cause. Miss Shearer's great anti-Nazi movie, "Escape," was playing at Loew's. She had been one of the most active in the film colony for English aid, a leader in the Bundles for Britain campaign. But the thoughtless, fed misinformation, were giving Miss Shearer the worst of it.

Slight as the fuss seemed here, she was hurt deeply. But she let the matter die out rather than provoke an ugly controversy. The columnist of a Hollywood film daily, a very good friend, knew Miss Shearer's mind on the matter. He wrote to a Toronto pal about the unfairness of the situation. The Toronto man told the story to Laura Elston, who delivered a popular radio broadcast of Hollywood chit-chat several times a week for Vix Vapor-Rub.

Miss Elston went right to bat for Norma Shearer—and did a grand job of clearing the atmosphere. Shortly after there came a note from the grateful Norma, thanking Laura for her kindness.

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# FILM FOLLIES

*By Firestone*

**WE DID BUT WE DON'T ANYMORE**

Oh, once there was the "movies"
Where folks could relax,
And in to see the "movies" they would pour.
Yes, once there was the "movies,"
And then came the "TAX"
Now they don't go to the "movies" any more.

Oh, once we had a "line-up,"
Such crowds in the aisle.
We were gifted with customers galore.
Yes, once we had a "line-up,"
Now "TAX" is in style.
We don't have any "line-ups" any more.

* * * * *

**A New Filing System, or Finger Tip Control:** Just the other afternoon, without so much as a knock on the door, I crashed (yep, I'm stoopin' to snoopin' now) into the office of one of our up and budding young execs who, according to his secretary, was in conference. Imagine his embarrassment. There he was, with a devastating damsel holding his hand. And was his face red? No, but his nails were—he was having a manicure.

**On the Spot:** Hye Bossin ran into a snag in the screening room while previewing for Digest of Reviews. Supposed to be impartial, he was startled when the screen credits for "Tight Shoes" were flashed. One of the names was that of Art Arthur, his brother, who helped write it. Fortunately it was a good picture, so his critical integrity is still intact.

* * * * *

**Blood and Sand is Thicker'n Water:** Leastwise that's how Harry (Lansdowne) Alexander feels about it. His nephew, Schuyler Standish, nee Larry Harris, who has been in kid parts for a number of features, plays John Carradine as a boy in Blood and Sand. We'll be watching for the resemblance, Mr. Alexander.

* * * * *

**There'll be Some Changes Made (without the music):** The Photodrome has closed for alterations. Since the tax has started to take its toll there are plenty of exhibitors who'll envy the Ulsters such a convenient excuse to shut down for the summer.

* * * * *

**The lady with the lamp:** Probably the greatest innovation in theatres since the advent of "Talkies" is presented in the Midtown Theatre with the introduction of usherettes. Now, don't tell me that's nothing new—'cause there are usherettes and then again—there are usherettes. And brother you ain't seen usherettes until you've seen the Midtown usherettes.

As you enter the foyer you get into the range of that radiant ray of ravishing rapture, that tantalizing torso of torrid temperament. That, my friends, is the head usherette. Let me mention, in passing, that a couple of years ago she was chosen the Miss Hamilton of 1939, and if you ask me she's improved with age.

Now, if you don't smack your lips in appreciation, then brother, you don't know your oats, (and that ain't hay). And she's just the beginning of a beautiful bevy of pill-box peaches like you've never seen before.

* * * * *

**A feat of the feet:** Greta Garbo's pedal extremities have so often been heralded as gunboats, that some submersive elements might say she never dives while swimming. She always goes in fleet-first.


# Theatre Tickets

**There are now the following stock roll tickets available in rolls of 2000:—**

**STANDARD ADMISSION TICKETS**

**Admit One Blank, Admit One 5c, 10c etc. up to Admit One $1.00. Assorted colors. 35c per roll.**

**WAR EXCISE TAX TICKETS**

**If you wish to sell a tax ticket with the above admission ticket, we have them in rolls of 2,000 tickets that read "War Excise Tax. This ticket represents 20 per cent of the price of admission." White only. 40c per roll.**

**COMBINATION TICKETS**

**Same as the general admission ticket but reading "Admission 10c, Tax 2c, Total 12c" and similarly for all prices of admission. 2,000 to the roll and for the present at least, one color only per price. 40c per roll.**

## THE COLEMAN ELECTRIC CO.

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## A Howl Of a Party

The boys stagged Morris Appleby, manager of the Photodrome, the other night and it was a riotous farewell. Not only is Morris about to kick the matrimonial bucket but he's due to join the services. Two wars at once. A game guy.

Over 100 pals, among them stage stars, sport figures and film folk, made up the merry mob. It was a laugh-loaded evening and so many kept rolling into Murray House that a another supper had to be set up for them. The congestion wasn't helped any by people from other affairs in the same building who kept deserting to join the Appleby antics.

Big-time comic Harry J. Conley, straightman George Schiller, a master of dialects, and golden-voiced Johnny D'Arco were joined by local Lefty Ginsberg in keeping the crowd in roars. The scream of the crop was Conley, a living vaudeville legend.

Some of the film folk on hand were Morrie Rittenberg, Sam and Ben Ulster. The prize-ring was represented by Jack (The Deacon) Allen, Mottle Goldman, manager of bantam champ Nels Broadhurst, ex-pug Phil Lisner and others.

Toasts, reminiscenses, sing-songs, turns and rowdy-dowdy didoes made almost three hours at the table seem like ten minutes. The revel lasted until near-dawn and the neighbors butted in.

## Paramount Meets Here Balaban at Session

The first Canadian Convention of Paramount Pictures in 15 years is in session at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto. Policy and methods are being given a thorough going over.

Paramount issued a general invitation to exhibitors to be present at the opening ceremonies.

Barney Balaban, president of the company, addressed the gathering.

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# Tax Tangles Ironed Out

**Tax on the Price of Admission to Certain Places of Amusement**

**PART XV**

Copies of Bill 88, which deals with the much-disputed theatre tax, are at hand. The bill was passed on June 2nd, though the charge has been in effect for some time. Every aspect of its application is thus set forth, and removes the early uncertainty. The tax was applied, then withdrawn and shortly after put into effect again. It has been necessary for a number of exhibitors to make adjustments with the Excise Department because of this.

Section 121 (a) represents the result of the industry's protest to Ottawa that the tax was discriminatory and should be extended to all amusements, both in fairness to the government and the exhibitor. Part of it reads "any theatrical performance, carnival. circus, side show, menagerie, concert, exhibition, horse race or athletic contest." In some cases the tax has already been applied, in others, such as legitimate theatres, the deadline has not arrived yet, giving them a temporary advantage in customer competition.

Following is a digest of Bill 88, as it applies to exhibitors:

The operative clause in the Bill is Section 122, which reads as follows:

"122. (1) There shall be imposed, levelled and collected an excise tax of twenty per cent. on the price of admission to any place of amusement, payable by such person mentioned in paragraph (a) of section one hundred and twenty-one of this Act."

Section 121 (a) describes the "person liable to pay the tax." This **"includes every owner of a place of amusement**, moving picture exhibitor, etc. "Place of amusement" includes any theatre, concert hall, room, place, house, etc., where any cinematograph or moving picture machine or similar apparatus is operated.

"Price of admission" is defined in 121 (c). Price of admission **"includes any entrance, service, exchange or other** fee charged to or collected from any person entering a place of amusement." It does not include any tax by a provincial government or municipality.

Section 123 reads as follows: "Every person liable to pay the tax may be required by the Minister to take out **an annual license,** and the Minister may prescribe a fee therefor, not exceeding two dollars."

Section 124. Penalty for **neglect to take out license mentioned** in 123.

Section 124 says that the **tax shall be paid weekly.** This weekly return must be accompanied by a statutory declaration but the Minister in his discretion may waive this requirement. The **tax must be paid not later than the following Wednesday.**

Section 126 states that every **exhibitor must keep "records and books of account."**

Section 127 says that these **records must be retained** until the Minister gives permission to destroy them.

Section 128 provides a penalty for **refusing to allow access** to these records and books of account.

Section 129 states that **if the records and books are not properly kept,** the Minister may decide what taxes shall be paid.

Section 130 provides a penalty for **not keeping proper accounts.**

Section 131 provides a penalty for any person who **fails to make a proper return.**

Section 132 provides that **in case of an incorporated Company,** the officer, director or agent of the Company shall be liable for any penalties that may be imposed.

## MR. CHIPS BACK ON JOB

Youth isn't always served. There are times when even the oldest of old-timers return to the seats of the mighty, as with David Lloyd George, or lesser but vital places, as with Mr. W. H. Balgarnie of Pitlochy.

Mr. Balgarnie, a schoolmaster, was the model for James Hilton's unforgettable character, Mr. Chips. You'll remember that the ancient Chips came out of retirement to replace the headmaster during the first great war.

So has Mr. Balgarnie, known as "Hooley" for his life-long pursuit of young scholastic hooligans. He has served at Leys and when the young masters were called to the colors old "Hooley" returned to his beloved classrooms.

He saw "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and his comment was that the film character resembled someone he knew. "But he's not so doddery as the story implies."

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# New Officers At Regal

Names of the new officers of Regal Film Corp., Ltd., have been made public. Mr. Henry L. Nathanson, president, announced at the same time that there would be no changes in the personnel of the organization.

Thomas J. Connor is vice-president; Charles E. Stearn, secretary-treasurer; and Mrs. M. M. Oake, assistant-secretary.

The former interests which held a large number of shares in Regal Films, Ltd., are not connected with the new organization.

The Regal offices will move shortly to the sixth floor of the Film Exchange Building, 277 Victoria St., Toronto.

TR. 1257

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BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE

# LEND TO DEFEND *our* way of life!

DOWN through the ages Britons fought and suffered and died in order that their children and their children's children might be free. Today the forces of darkness threaten to engulf us once more. Shall we give up those rights which our forefathers won?

Today our country must arm. No time can be lost. We must build the greatest war machine the world has ever known. We must accomplish in two years more than the enemy has accomplished in seven.

That is why Canada needs your savings — not as a gift, but only as a loan. Canada's army must be maintained and equipped with the most modern fighting machines. Scores of warships and merchant vessels must be built. Thousands of planes, thousands of pilots must be rushed to the scene of conflict.

So Canada needs the use of your money now. Later on, Canada will repay you in full. In the meantime, you will receive regular interest on your loan.

When you buy Victory Bonds, all Canada is your security. These Bonds are more readily turned into cash than any other.

HOW TO BUY—Give your order to the canvasser who calls on you. Or place it in the hands of any branch of any bank, or give it to any trust company. Or send it to your local Victory Loan Headquarters. Bonds may be bought in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000 and larger. Canvasser, bank, trust company or your local Victory Loan Headquarters will be glad to give you every assistance in making out your order form.

**HELP FINISH THE JOB**

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